Maid. Man.

Brag. I will viſit thee at the Lodge.

Maid. That's hereby.

Brag. I know where it is ſituate.

Mai. Lord how wiſe you are.

Brag. I will tell thee wonders.

Ma. With what face?

Brag. I loue thee.

Mai. So I heard you ſay.

Brag. And ſo farewell.

Mai. Faire weather after you.

Clo. Come *Iaquenetta*, away. *Exeunt.*

Brag. Villaine, thou ſhalt faſt for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

Clo. Well ſir, I hope when I doe it, I ſhall doe it on a full ſtomacke.

Brag. Thou ſhalt be heauily puniſhed.

Clo. I am more bound to you then your fellowes, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Brag. Take away this villaine, ſhut him vp.

Boy. Come you tranſgreſſing ſlaue away.

Clow. Let me not be pent vp ſir, I will faſt being looſe.

Boy. No ſir, that were faſt and looſe: thou ſhalt to priſon.

Clow. Well, if euer I doe ſee the merrie dayes of deſolation that I haue ſeene, ſome ſhall ſee.

Boy. What ſhall ſome ſee?

Clow. Nay nothing, Maſter *Moth*, but what they looke vpon. It is for priſoners to be ſilent in their words, and therefore I will ſay nothing: I thanke God, I haue as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet. *Exit.*

Brag. I doe affect the very ground (which is baſe) where her ſhooe (which is baſer) guided by her foote (which is baſeſt) doth tread. I ſhall be forſworne (which is a great argument of falſhood) if I loue. And how can that be true loue, which is falſely attempted? Loue is a familiar, Loue is a Diuell. There is no euill Angell but Loue, yet *Sampſon* was ſo tempted, and he had an excellent ſtrength: Yet was *Salomon* ſo ſeduced, and he haſt a very good witte. *Cupids* Butſhaft is too hard for *Hercules* Clubbe, and therefore too much ods for a Spaniards Rapier: The

firſt

firſt and ſecond cauſe will not ſerue my turne: he reſpects not, the *Duello* he regards not; his diſgrace did led Boy, but his glorie is to ſubdue men. Adue pier, be ſtill Drum, for your manager is in loue. Aſſiſt me ſome extemporall god of Rime, for I turne Sonnet. Deuiſe Wit, write pen, for I am lumes in folio.

Finis Actus Primus.

Actus Secundus.

Enter the Princeſſe of France, with three attend three Lords.

Boyet. Now Madam ſummon vp your deare
Conſider who the King your father ſends:
To whom he ſends, and what's his Embaſſie.
Your ſelfe held precious in the worlds eſteeme;
To parlee with the ſole inheritour
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchleſſe *Nauarre*, the plea of no leſſe weigh
Then *Aquitaine*, a Dowrie for a Queene.
Be now as prodigall of all deare grace,
As Nature was in making Graces deare,
When ſhe did ſtarue the generall world beſide,
And prodigally gaue them all to you.

Queene. Good L. *Boyet*, my thought but me
Needs not the painted flouriſh of your praiſe:
Beauty is bought by iudgement of the eye,
Not vttered by baſe ſayle of chapmens tongues:
I am leſſe proud to heare you tell my worth,
Then you much willing to be counted wiſe,
In ſpending your wit in the praiſe of mine.
But now to taske the tasker, good *Boyet*,

Prin. You are not ignorant all telling fame
Doth noyſe abroad *Nauar* hath made a vow,
Till painefull ſtudie ſhall out-weare three yeere